Which Casket twas I choſe. Next, if I faile
Of the right Casket, neuer in my life
To woe a maide in way of marriage:
Laſtly, if I do faile in fortune of my choiſe,
Immediately to leaue you, and be gone.
Por. To theſe iniunctions euery one doth ſweare,
That comes to hazard for my worthleſſe ſelfe.
Arr. And ſo haue I addreſt me, fortune now
To my hearts hope: Gold, Siluer, and baſe Lead.
Who chooſeth me, muſt giue and hazard all he hath.
You ſhall looke fairer ere I giue or hazard.
VVhat ſayes the golden Cheſt? ha, let me ſee,
VVho chooſeth me, ſhall gaine what many men deſire.
VVhat many men deſire, that many may be meant
By the foole-multitude, that chuſe by ſhow:
Not learning more then the fond eye doth teach,
VVhich pries not to th'interiour; but like the Martlet,
Builds in the weather on the outward wall,
Euen in the force and rode of caſualty.
I will not chuſe what many men deſire,
Becauſe I will not iumpe with common ſpirits,
And ranke me with the barbarous multitudes.
VVhy then to thee thou Siluer treaſure houſe,
Tell me once more what title thou doſt beare:
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
And well ſaid too, for who ſhall go about
To coſen Fortune, and be honourable
VVithout the ſtampe of merit, let none preſume
To weare an vndeſerued dignity:
O that eſtates, degrees, and offices,
VVere not deriu'd corruptly, and that cleare honor
VVere purchac'd by the merit of the wearer,
How many then ſhould couer, that ſtand bare?
How many be commanded, that command?
How much low pezantry would then be gleaned
From the true ſeede of honor? And how much honor,

Pickt

Pickt from the chaffe and ruine of the times
To be new verniſh'd? well, but to my choiſe,
Who chooſeth me ſhall get as much as he deſerues.
I will aſſume deſert. Giue me a key for this,
And inſtantly vnlocke my fortunes heere.
Por. Too long a pauſe for that which you finde
Arrag. VVhat's heere, the portrait of a blinki
Preſenting me a ſedule? I will reade it.
How much vnlike art thou to *Portia*?
How much vnlike my hopes, and my deſeruings.
Who chooſeth me ſhall haue as much as he deſerues.
Did I deſerue no more then a fooles head?
Is that my prize? Are my deſerts no better?
Por. To offend and iudge are diſtinct offices,
And of oppoſed Natures.
Arrag. VVhat heere?

The fire ſeuen times tried this:
Seuen times tried that iudgement is,
That did neuer chooſe amis.
Some there be that ſhadowes kis,
Such haue but a ſhadowes blis:
There be fooles aliue I wis,
Siluer'd o're, and ſo was this.
Take what wife you will to bed,
I will euer be your head:
So be gone, you are ſped.

Still more foole I ſhall appeere,
By the time I linger heere,
VVith one fooles head I came to woe,
But I go away vvith two.
Sweet adieu, Ile keepe my oath,
Patiently to beare my vvroath.
Portia. Thus hath the candle ſindg'd the Moth.
O theſe deliberate fooles, vvhen they do chooſe,